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THE
PLAYS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
WITH
NOTES OF VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.
EDITED
BY MANLEY WOOD, A.M.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XII.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

vOL. XII.

B



R E M A R K S
ON
THE PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION
OF
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

THIS play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from

that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition. JOHNSON.

Persons Represented.

M. ANTONY,	}	<i>Triumvirs.</i>	
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,			
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,			
SEXTUS POMPEIUS.			
DOMITIUS ENOBABBUS,	}	<i>Friends of Antony.</i>	
VENTIDIUS,			
EROS,			
SCARUS,			
DERCETAS,			
DEMETRIUS,			
PHILO,			
MECÆNAS,	}	<i>Friends to Cæsar.</i>	
AGRIPPA,			
DOLABELLA,			
PROCULEIUS,			
THYREUS,			
GALLUS,			
MENAS,	}	<i>Friends of Pompey.</i>	
MENECRATES,			
VARRIUS,			
TAURUS, <i>Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.</i>			
CANIDIUS, <i>Lieutenant-General to Antony.</i>			
SILIUS, <i>an Officer in Ventidius's army.</i>			
<i>An Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.</i>			
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES;			
<i>Attendants on Cleopatra.</i>			
<i>A Soothsayer. A Clown.</i>			

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *Attendants on Cleopatra.*
IRAS, }

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. NAY, but this dotage of our general's,
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges¹ all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The ^atriple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. 'Grates me:—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's, I would say?—

Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space;
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

[embracing.]

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind

SCENE II.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBAREUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no names*: Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, —come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wiv'd, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord
approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger, and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

*[Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras,
Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.]*

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well,

What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—

On :

Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess.

Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook, from Syria
To Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou would'st say,—

Mess.

O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome :
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. 'O, then we bring forth
weeds,

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an
one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant.

Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*gives a letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see
how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer
our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die:
It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though,
between them and a great cause, they should be

esteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bless'd withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with consolation; your old smock brings

forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state,
Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broach'd here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part. For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison^o. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—

I did not send you;—if you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[Exit Alex.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in
nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose
him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick, and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I ~~shall fall~~;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of ~~nature~~
Will not sustain it.

Ant. ~~Now, my~~ dearest queen, —

Cleo. Pray you, ~~stand~~ further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
 Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
 But was a race of heaven⁷: They are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant.

How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st
 know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant.

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
 Our services a while; but my full heart
 Remains in use with you. Our Italy
 Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
 Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
 Equality of two domestick powers
 Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to
 strength,
 Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
 Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
 Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
 Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
 And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
 By any desperate change: My more particular,
 And that which most with you should save my going,
 Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me
 freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best:
See, when, and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour,
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Rome. An Apartment in Cæsar's House.

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor: From Alexandria
This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find
there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think, there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not
Amis to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat: say, this becomes
him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must An-
tony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness⁹. If he fill
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgement.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep.

Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every
hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is lov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs.

I should have known no less:—

⁹It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,
Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,

Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess.

Cæsar, I bring thee word,

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel 'can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,

I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To 'front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,

It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
mean time

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;

I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Alexundria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora¹⁰.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time,

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him

Too much.

Cleo. O, treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam: for I can do nothing
But what in deed is honest to be done:
Yet I have fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burgonet of men¹¹.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*

For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
 That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? ¹² Broad-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die
 With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
 Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
 With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
 He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
 This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
 Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
 This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
 To mend the petty present, I will piece
 Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,
 Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
 And soberly did mount a termagant steed,
 Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
 Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. ¹³ My sallad days;
When I was green in judgement:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Messina. A Room in Pompey's House.

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silviu's, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know, they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony: But all charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicúrean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,

How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Wer't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square ¹⁴ between them-
selves;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. A Room in the House of Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shav't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir!

Cæs.

Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.*Cæs.*

I must be laugh'd at,

If, or for nothing, or a little, I

Should say myself offended; and with you

Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should

Once name you derogately, when to sound your name

It not concern'd me.

Ant.

My being in Egypt, Cæsar,

What was't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome

Might be to you in Egypt: Yet, if you there

Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt

Might be my question.

Ant.

How intend you, practis'd?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,

By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,

Made wars upon me; and their contestation

Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother

never

Did urge me in his act: I did enquire it;

And have my learning from some true reports¹⁵,

That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather

Discredit my authority with yours;

And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters

Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,

As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgement to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so:
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which 'fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would, we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils¹⁶, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much

As to have ask'd him pardon : Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife ; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No,

Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it : But on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd
them ;
The which you both deny'd.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, *Mecenas*.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, *Cæsar*,—

Cæs. Speak, *Agrippa*.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, *Agrippa*;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, *Cæsar*: let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts

With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live

To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey;

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Ces. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Ces. Great, and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Ces. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exit* Caesar, Antony, and Lepidus.]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!
—my honourable friend, Agrippa!

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appear'd indeed; or my reporter devis'd well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)

¹⁷ O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
 The fancy out-work nature: on each side her,
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Agr.

O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
 And made their bends adornings: at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office. From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her; and Antony,
 Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
 Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too ¹⁸,
 And made a gap in nature.

Agr.

Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
 Invited her to supper: she reply'd,
 It should be better, he became her guest;
 Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
 Whom ne'er the word of *no* woman heard speak,
 Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
 And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
 For what his eyes eat only.

Agr.

Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the publick street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in Cæsar's House.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt Cæsar and Octavia.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him:—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; ¹⁹ and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,

You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you,
hasten

Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony

Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec.

We shall,

As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep.

Your way is shorter,

My purposes do draw me much about;

You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Agr.

Sir, good success

Lep. Farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some musick; musick, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The musick, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me,
sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My musick playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up, /
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo.

That time!—O times!—

I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan⁸⁰. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess.

Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess.

First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark;
we use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo.

Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,

Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee²¹.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay

The good precedence; fye upon *but yet*:

But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;

In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess.

Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess.

He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*draws a dagger.*]

Mess.

Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there
still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would, thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Had'st thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of't?—Get thee hence:

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from Rome,

Are all too dear for me; Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him

Report the feature of Octavia, her years,

Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit Alexas.*

²²Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T'other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[*To Mardian.*

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE VI.

Near Misenum.

Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent:
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it,
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden

The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:
"But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targe undinted.

Cæs. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony

Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to
you,

That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed:
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and
let us
Draw lots, who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first,

Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then, so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now; How far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Excunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*aside.*—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me: though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turn'd to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We look'd not for Mark Antony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, and he, for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have us'd our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.

Musick. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief, have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan ²⁴ I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* ²⁵To be call'd into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*to Cæsar.*] They take the flow o'the Nile

By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know,

By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your
mud by the operation of your sun: so is your cro-
codile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er
out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be
in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies'
pyramises are very goodly things; without contradic-
tion, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pom.

Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pom.

Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad
as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and

moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*to Menas aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?
[*rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith:
What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's
twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and,

Although thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou should'st have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [Aside:
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd;
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him,
Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the attendant who carries off Lepidus.*]

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer: but I had rather
fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [to *Antony*.]
Shall we now dance the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick:—

The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall
sing;

The holding every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*]

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!*

Cas. What would you more?—Pompey, good
night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom.

I'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir: give's your hand.

Pom.

O, Antony,

You have my father's house,—But what? we are
friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt Pom. Cæs. Ant. and Attendants.*]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound
out. [*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*]

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS and other Romans, officers, and soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and
now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army :—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,

Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected :
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o'the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what
haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. An Anti-chamber in Cæsar's House.

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome : Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

Eno. Cæsar ? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar ? How ? the nonpareil !

Agr. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird²⁰ !

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say, — Cæsar ; — go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best ; — Yet he loves Antony :

Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,

Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So, —

[*Trumpets.*

This is to horse. — Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and fare well.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cas. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest band
Shall pass on thy approval. Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cas. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

Cas. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cas. What,
Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down
feather,

That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to Agrippa.*

Agr. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a
horse²⁷;

So is he, being a man.

Agr. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd:
Believe it, till I weep too²⁸.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,

You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*kisses Octavia.*

Ant.

Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.**Cleo.* Where is the fellow?*Alex.* Half afeard to come.*Cleo.* Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.*Enter a Messenger.**Alex.* Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.*Cleo.* That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—*Cleo.* Didst thou behold
Octavia?*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.*Cleo.* Where?*Mess.* Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me⁹⁹?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing,

I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet:—

The fellow has good judgement.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or
round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part too,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as low
As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—
I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [Exit Messenger.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him³⁰. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To publick ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,

I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother; Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.

Octa.

Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old; What is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars

'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. ³¹Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.

Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MEBENAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publickly enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia ³²,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the publick eye?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience
As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me

Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come
not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust

Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
 Rais'd by your populous troops : But you are come
 A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
 The ostent of our love, which, left unshown
 Is often left unlov'd : we should have met you
 By sea, and land ; supplying every stage
 With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
 To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
 On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
 Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
 My grieved ear withal ; whereon, I begg'd
 His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
 Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
 And his affairs come to me on the wind.
 Where is he now ?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
 Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
 Up to a whore ; who now are levying
³³The kings o' the earth for war : He hath assembled
 Bocchus, the king of Lybia ; Archelaus,
 Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king
 Of Paphlagonia ; the Thracian king, Adallas :
 King Malchus of Arabia ; king of Pont ;
 Herod of Jewry ; Mithridates, king
 Of Comagene ; Poleon and Amintas,

The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a
More larger list of scepters.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
'To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should
not we

Be there in-person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—

If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the
war,

And, as the president of my kingdom, will

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these
offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace

Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange, that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;

Trust not to rotten planks : Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking ; we
Have us'd to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows
Not in the power on't³⁴ : So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and throes
forth,

Each minute, some.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.

*A Plain near Actium.**Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and Others.**Cæs. Taurus,—**Taur. My lord.*

*Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.* [Exit.

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

*Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon' side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.* [Exit.

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land army one
way over the stage; and TAURUS, the lieutenant of
Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard
the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

*Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.*

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle³⁵ of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid³⁶ nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,

And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
night

Indeed.

[*Aside.*

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'Tis easy to't; and there I will attend
What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither;
I am so lated in the world³⁷, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att.

Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards

To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
 I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
 Which has no need of you; be gone:
 My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
 I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
 My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
 Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
 For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
 Have letters from me to some friends, that will
 Sweep your way for you. Pray you; look not sad,
 Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
 Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
 Which leaves itself: to the sea side straightway:
 I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
 Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
 Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
 Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
 and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye.

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry³⁸, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most un noble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,

And thou should'st tow mè after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and Others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter Ambassador from Antony.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Amb. Such as I am, I come from Antony:

I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea³⁹.

Cæs. Be it so; Declare thine office.

Amb. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
40 The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Amb. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Ambassador.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To Thyreus.*]
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno.

Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?

The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered question: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo.

Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with the Ambassador.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Amb.

Ay, my lord.

Ant.

The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Amb. He says so.

Ant.

Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo.

That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again; Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone; I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Ambassador,*

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgements are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd
His judgement too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

[Aside.]

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master

Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

Thyr.

So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo.

Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo.

O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo.

He is a god, and knows

What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno.

To be sure of that, [*Aside.*

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit Enobarbus.*

Thyr.

Shall I say to Cæsar

What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo.

What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
 Say to great Cæsar this, in disputation
 I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
 To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel:
 Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
 The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father
 Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
 What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods
 and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
 Like boys unto a muss⁴¹, kings would start forth,
 And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exeunt Attendants with Thyreus.]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders⁴²?

Cleo. .Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!). the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgements; make us

Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out :— For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd⁴³ ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou
sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since

Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abism of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit Thyreus.*]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so

Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion smite !
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
 Lie graveless ; till the flies and gnats of Nile
 Have buried them for prey !

Ant.

I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria ; where
 I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
 Hath nobly held ; our sever'd navy too
 Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-like.
 Where hast thou been, my heart ?—Dost thou hear,
 lady ?

If from the field I shall return once more
 To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood ;
 I and my sword will earn our chronicle ;
 There is hope in it yet.

Cleo.

That's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
 And fight maliciously : for when mine hours
 Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
 Of me for jests ; but now, I'll set my teeth,
 And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
 Let's have one other gaudy night : call to me
 All my sad captains, fill our bowls ; once more
 Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo.

It is my birth-day :

I had thought, to have held it poor ; but, since my
 lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen;

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Excunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.**Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECE-
NAS, and Others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger.
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die⁴⁴; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted.
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and Others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno.

No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant.

To-morrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,

Or bathe my dying honour in the blood

Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*

Ant.

Well said; come on.—

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,

Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—

And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd
me well,

And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo.

What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow
shoots

[*Aside.*

Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
 I wish, I could be made so many men;
 And all of you clapp'd up together in
 An Antony; that I might do you service,
 So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
 Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
 As when mine empire was your fellow too,
 And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
 May be, it is the period of your duty:
 Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
 A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
 You'll serve another master. I look on you,
 As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away; but, like a master
 Married to your good service, stay till death:
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
 To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
 And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd⁴⁵; for shame,
 Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
 Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
 Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
 friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense:

I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
 To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
 And drown consideration. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sol.* Nothing: what news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
 Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
 Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

[The first two place themselves at their posts.]

4 *Sold.* Here we: *[They take their posts.]* and if
 to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Musick of hautboys under the stage.*]

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,

Does't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this
mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony
lov'd,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? Do you hear this?

[*Several speaking together.*]

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. [*several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ANTONY, and CLEOPATRA; CHARNIAN,
and Others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;
We shall thrive now.—See'st thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,
That thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou should'st see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to it with delight.

1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout. Trumpets. flourish.]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, *[kisses her.]*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanick complement; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[Exeunt Ant. Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo.

Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a
Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Had'st thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold.

Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;
 Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him
 (I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :
 Say, that I wish he never find more cause
 To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
 Corrupted honest men :—Eros, despatch. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENO-
 BARBUS, and Others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :
 Our will is, Antony be took alive⁴⁶ ;
 Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Agrippa.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
 Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
 Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
 Plant those that have revolted in the van,
 That Antony may seem to spend his fury
 Upon himself. [*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]
Eno. Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry,

On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus:
I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. *[Exit Soldier.]*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I
feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek

Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.

Field of battle between the Camps.

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,
and Others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
 Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Under the walls of Alexandria.

Alurum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and
 Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp. Run one
 before,
 And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
 Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
 That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
 For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
 Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been
 Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
 Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
 Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
 Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
 The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
 [*To Scarus.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

⁴⁷To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
 Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the
 world,
 Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,

Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl?
though grey
Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth⁴⁸. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has 'deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds to-
gether,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SHAKSPEARE



ANTONY & CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. *Lord of lords!
O 'inferior virtue' com'st thou smiling from
The world's great mare uncaught.*

Act IV. Sc. 8

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SCENE XI.

*Cæsar's Camp.**Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: ⁴⁹ Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,

Forgive me in thine own particular ;
 But let the world rank me in register
 A master-leaver, and a fugitive :

O Antony ! O Antony ! [*dies.*]

2 *Sold.* Let's speak
 To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
 May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his
 Was never yet for sleeping.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir ; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir ?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark,
the drums [*Drums afar off.*]

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
 To the court of guard ; he is of note : our hour
 Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then ;
 He may recover yet. [*Excunt with the body.*]

SCENE X.

Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with forces, marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
 We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in the
air;

We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Further on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter CÆSAR, and his forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pins
doth stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. *[Exit.]*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost ;
 This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
 My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore ! 'tis
 thou
 Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
 For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
 I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone. ;

[Exit Scarus.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts
 That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
 That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :
 O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,—
 Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
 home ;
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
 Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
 Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros !

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleo.*] 'Tis well thou'rt
gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd⁵⁰.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The Same. Another Room.

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,

They are black vesper's pageants.

Ay, my lord.

The rack dislimns⁵¹; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

It does, my lord.

Enter MARDIAN.

No, Antony ;

VOL. XII.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou would'st do,
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—

[*Exit Mardian.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no further: Now all labour
Marrs what it does; yea, very force entangles

Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done,—
 Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
 Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
 And with our spritely port make the ghosts gaze:
 Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
 And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
 I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
 Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind
 Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now
 Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then would'st kill me: do't; the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. *Eros,*
 Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleach'd arms⁵³, bending down

His corrigible neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be
 cur'd.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
 then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
 Or thy precedent services are all
 But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. *[turning from him.]*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
 Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—*[falls on his sword]* Thus

I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.

[dies.]

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
 Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
 I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros
 Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
 A nobleness in record: But I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into't
 As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—
 The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
 an end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly,
 This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit Dercetas.*]

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,
what, ho!

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

All.

Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

[*Excunt, bearing Antony.*]

SCENE XIII.

The Same. A Monument.

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo.

No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,

His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,
Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
stand

The varying shore o'the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;
Help, friends below; let's draw him hither.

Ant.

Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here impórtune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd with me⁴⁴; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant.

O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed^{ss}!—How heavy weighs
my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw Antony up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd;
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All.

A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant.

One word, sweet queen:

Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant.

Gentle, hear me:

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to

My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
 Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
 I can no more. [*dies.*]

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?
 Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is
 No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
 The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
 The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys, and girls,
 Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
 And there is nothing left remarkable
 Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and com-
 manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
 And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
 Patience is sottish; and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,

To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
mian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:—

[to the guard below.]

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECENAS,
GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Dolabella.*]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: ⁵⁶The round world should have
shook

Lions into civil streets,
 And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony
 Is not a single doom; in the name lay
 A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
 Not by a publick minister of justice,
 Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
 Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
 Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
 Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
 I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
 With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
 The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings
 To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,
 That nature must compel us to lament
 Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
 Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
 Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
 Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
 him,
 He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
 I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,

Or look on thine; we could not stall together
 In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
 With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
 That thou, my brother, my competitor
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
 Unreconcilable, should divide
 Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
 But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
 We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,

Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction!
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she's forc'd to.

Cas. Bid her have good heart;
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
 How honourable and how kindly we
 Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
 To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*

Cas. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
 We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
 The quality of her passion shall require;

Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit Proculeius.*]

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit Gallus.*]

Agr. Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Caesar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony

Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell
him,

That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;

You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependancy; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness⁵⁷,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him

I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn

A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pity'd
Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd;
[*Here Proculcius, and two of the guard, ascend
the monument by a ladder placed against a win-
dow, and having descended, come behind Cleopa-
tra. Some of the guard unbar and open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*to Proculcius and the guard. Exit Gallus.*

Iras. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:
[*seizes and disarms her.*

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty, by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
 If idle talk will once be necessary,
 I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,
 Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
 Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
 Nor once be chāstis'd with the sober eye
 Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
 And show me to the shouting varletry
 Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
 Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
 Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
 Blow me into abhorring! rather make
 My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
 And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
 These thoughts of horror further than you shall
 Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
 What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
 And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
 I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
 It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
 To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[to Cleopatra.]
 If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.
[Exeunt Proculeius, and Soldiers.]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates^{ss} dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a
man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[*Cleopatra kneels.*

Cæs.

Arise,

You shall not kneel:—

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo.

Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord

I must obey.

Cæs.

Take to you no hard thoughts:

The record of what injuries you did us,

Though written in our flesh, we shall remember

As things but done by chance.

Cleo.

Sole sir o' the world,

I cannot project mine own cause so well

To make it clear; but do confess, I have

Been laden with like frailties, which before

Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs.

Cleopatra, know,

We will extenuate rather than enforce:

If you apply yourself to our intents,

(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek

To lay on me a cruelty, by taking

Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself

Of my good purposes, and put your children

To that destruction which I'll guard them from,

If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: tis yours;
and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seel my lips⁵⁹, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo.

What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo.

See, Cæsar! O, behold,

How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild:—O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd!—What, goest thou back? thou
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs.

Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
 That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so meek, that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
 Immoment toys, things of such dignity
 As we greet modern friends withal; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation; must I be unfolded
 With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
 Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

[*To Seleucus.*

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance^{oo}:—Wert thou a
 man,
 Thou would'st have mercy on me.

Cæs.

Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit Seleucus.*

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
 thought
 For things that others do; and, when we fall,
 We answer others' merits in our name,
 Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs.

Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
 Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
 Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,

Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons⁶¹: no, dear
queen;

For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend; And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs.

Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not

Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*whispers Charmian.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Hie thee again:

I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char.

Behold, sir. [*Exit Charmian.*]

Cleo.

Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,

You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dola.*] Now,
Iras, what think'st thou ?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I : mechanick slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras : Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald⁶²
rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy⁶³ my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise? [*Exit Iras. A noise within,*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be deny'd your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt, —Truly, she makes a very good report o'the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*]

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I

know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.
[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire, and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.



Painted by Moran.

Engraved by A. Smith, A.R.A.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may
say,

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss,
Which is my heaven to have.—Come, mortal wretch,
[*to the asp, which she applies to her breast,*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*

What should I stay— [Falls on a bed, and dies.

Char. In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the asp.]

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—
call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! *[Dies.]*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts

Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming

To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou

So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;

That you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Brav'st at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs;
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown⁶⁴:
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-
leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;

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And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them: and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*]

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

¹ ———RENEGES—] *Renounces.*

² *The triple pillar—*] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world. WARBURTON.

³ —to weet,] *To know.*

⁴ —*belike, my children shall have no names :*] A fairer fortune, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her answer then implies, that *belike* all her children will be bastards, who have no right to the *name* of their father's family.

⁵ *When our quick winds lie still ;*] The sense is, that man, not agitated by censure, like soil not ventilated by *quick winds*, produces more evil than good.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *Which, like the courser's hair—*] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

⁷ ———*a race of heaven :*] i. e. had a *smack* or *flavour* of heaven. WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the

race of wine is the taste of the soil. Sir T. Hanmer, not understanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *So great weight in his lightness.*] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is, His trifling *levity* throws so much burden upon us. JOHNSON.

⁹ *It hath been taught us—*] The earliest histories inform us, that the man in supreme command was always wished to gain that command, till he had obtained it. And he, whom the multitude has contentedly seen in a low condition, when he begins to be wanted by them, becomes dear to them.

¹⁰ ————mandragora.] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure *sleep*. Shakspeare mentions it in *Othello*:

*Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Can ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep.*

JOHNSON.

¹¹ *And burgonet of men.*] A *burgonet* is a kind of *helmet*. Hen. VI.

"This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet."

So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632.

"I'll hammer on thy proof-steel'd burgonet."

STEEVENS.

¹² *Broad-fronted Cæsar—*] Mr. Seyward is of opinion, that the poet wrote *bald-fronted Cæsar*.

¹³ ———— *My sallad days!*

When I was green in judgment, cold in blood!

To say, as I said then.]

This puzzles Mr. Theobald. He says, Cleopatra may

speaking very naturally here with contempt of her judgment at that period: but how truly with regard to the coldness of her blood may admit some question: and then employs his learning to prove, that at this *cold* season of her *blood*, she had seen twenty good years. But yet he thinks his author may be justified, because Plutarch calls Cleopatra at those years, *Κόρη*, which by ill luck proves just the contrary; for that state which the Greeks designed by *Κόρη*, was the very height of blood. But Shakspeare's best justification is restoring his own sense, which is done merely by a different pointing:

My sallad days;

*When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!*

Cold in blood, is an upbraiding expostulation to her maid. Those, says she, were my sallad days, when I was green in judgment, but your blood is as cold as my judgment, if you have the same opinion of things now as I had then.

WARBURTON.

¹⁴——square *between themselves* ;] To *square* is to quarrel.

¹⁵——*true* reports,] *Reports* for *reporters*.

¹⁶——*her garboiles*—] i. e. the disturbance she made. The word is used by Heywood, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1616:

——“thou, Tarquin, dost alone survive

“The head of all these *garboiles*.”

And by Stanyhurst, in his translation of the first four books of *Virgil*, 1582:

" Now manhood and *garboils* I chaunt, and martial horror."

STEEVENS.

" O'er picturing that *Venus*,] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. 35. c. 10.

WARBURTON.

¹⁸ —————which, but for vacancy,

Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,]

Alluding to an axiom in the peripatetic philosophy then in vogue, that *Nature abhors a vacuum*.

WARBURTON.

¹⁹ ———his quails—] The ancients used to match *quails* as we match cocks.

JOHNSON.

Lucian says that quail-fighting was exhibited among the public shews at Athens.

STEEVENS.

²⁰ ———his sword Philippian.] We are not to suppose, nor is there any warrant from history, that Antony had any particular sword so called. The dignifying weapons, in this sort, is a custom of much more recent date. This therefore seems a compliment *a posteriori*. We find Antony, afterwards, in this play, boasting of his own prowess at Philippi :

Ant. *Yes, my lord, yes; he at Philippi kept*

His sword e'en like a dancer; while I strook

The lean and wrinkled Cassius; &c.

That was the greatest action of Antony's life; and therefore this seems a fine piece of flattery, intimating, that his sword ought to be denominated from that illustrious battle, in the same manner as modern heroes in romance are made to give their swords pompous names.

THEOBALD.

²¹ *I'll set thee in a shower of gold,]* That is, I will give thee a kingdom: it being the eastern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-dust and seed-pearl*; so Milton,

—*the gorgeous east with liberal hand*

Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

In the life of Timur-bec or Tamerlane, written by a Persian contemporary author, are the following words, as translated by Mons. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, book ii. chap. i. *Les princes du sang royal & les emirs repandirent à pleines mains sur sa tête quantité d'or & de pierreries selon la coutume.*

WARBURTON.

²² *Let him for ever go:]* She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but Antony.

JOHNSON.

²³ —*the cuckoo builds not for himself,]* Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.

²⁴ —*a partizan—]* A pike.

²⁵ *To be call'd into a huge sphere, &c.]* This speech seems to be mutilated; to supply the deficiencies is impossible, but perhaps the sense was originally approaching to this—

To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in it, is a very ignominious state; great offices are the holes where eyes should be, which, if eyes be wanting, pitifully disaster the cheeks. JOHNSON.

²⁶ —*Arabian bird !]* The phoenix.

²⁷ ——— *were he a horse;*] A horse whose eyes appear dull and cloudy, is always suspected as likely to go blind.

²⁸ *Believe it, till I weep too.*] I have ventur'd to alter the tense of the verb here, against the authority of all the copies. There was no sense in it, I think, as it stood before.

THEOBALD:

I am afraid there was better sense in the passage as it stood before, than Mr. Theobald's alteration will afford us. "Believe it, (says Enobarbus) that Antony did so, i. e. that he wept over such an event, till you see me weeping on the same occasion, when I shall be obliged to you for putting such a construction on my tears, which, in reality, (like his) will be tears of joy." I have replaced the old reading. Theobald reads, "*till I wept too.*" STEEVENS.

²⁹ *Is she as tall as me? &c.*] This scene (says Dr. Gray) is a manifest allusion to the questions put by queen Elizabeth to sir James Melvil, concerning his mistress, the queen of Scots. Whoever will give himself the trouble to consult his Memoirs, will probably suppose the resemblance to be more than accidental.

³⁰ *That I so harry'd him.*] To harry, is to use roughly. I meet with the word in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

"He harried her, and midst a throng, &c."

So in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Will harry me about instead of her."

Holinshed, speaking of the body of Rich. III. says, it was "*harried on horseback, dead.*" STEEVENS.

- ³¹ *Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more ;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other.]*

Cæsar and Antony will make war on each other, though they have the world to prey upon between them.

SIR T. HANMER.

- ³² *Lydia,]* For *Lydia*, Mr. Upton, from Plutarch, has restored *Lybia*.

JOHNSON.

In the translation from the French of Amyot, by Tho. North, in folio, 1597, you will at once see the origin of this mistake.—“First of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Ægypt, of Cyprus, of *Lydia*, and the lower Syria.”

I find the character of this work pretty early delineated;

“ ’Twas Greek at first, that Greek was Latin made,
That Latin French, that French to English straid:
Thus ’twixt one Plutarch there’s more difference,
Than i’ th’ same Englishman return’d from France.”

FARMER.

- ³³ *The kings o’ the earth for war:]* Mr. Upton remarks, that there are some errors in this enumeration of the auxiliary kings; but it is probable that the author did not much wish to be accurate.

- ³⁴ *Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i’ the right.*

Can. *Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on’t:—]* That is, his whole conduct becomes, ungoverned by the right, or by reason.

JOHNSON.

³⁵ *The greater cantle—*] A piece or lump.

POPE.

Cantle is rather a corner. Cæsar in this play mentions the *three-nooked world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner.

JOHNSON.

³⁶ *—ribald—*] A luxurious squanderer. POPE.

The word is in the old edition *ribaudred*, which I do not understand, but mention it, in hopes others may raise some happy conjecture.

JOHNSON.

—Yon ribald nag of Egypt,] I believe we should read, *hag*. What follows seems to prove it:

“*—She once being looft,*

“*The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,*

“*Claps on his sea-wing—*”

Observations and Conjectures, printed at Oxford, 1766.

The brieze, or œstrum, the fly that stings cattle, proves that *nag* is the right word.

JOHNSON.

³⁷ *—so lated in the world,*] Alluding to a benighted traveller.

JOHNSON.

³⁸ *Dealt on lieutenantry,*] I believe, means only,—*fought by proxy*, made war by his lieutenants.

STEEVENS.

³⁹ *To his grand sea.*] Thus the old copy. To whose grand sea? I know not. Perhaps we should read,

To this grand sea.

We may suppose that the sea was within view of Cæsar's camp, and at no great distance.

TYRWHITT.

The modern editors arbitrarily read,—“ the grand sea.”

STEEVENS.

⁴⁰ *The circle of the Ptolemies*—] The diadem of the Ptolemies. The crown which encircles their head.

⁴¹ *Like boys unto a muss,*] i. e. a scramble.

POPE.

So used by Ben Jonson in his *Magnetic Lady*:

“ ———nor are they thrown

“ To make a muss among the gamesome suitors.”

And again in his *Bartholomew Fair*:

“ God's so, a muss, a muss, a muss, a muss!”

So in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Masters*, 1608:

“ I would you could make such another muss.

“ Do'st call it a muss?”

STEEVENS.

⁴² ———one that looks on feeders?] One that waits at the table while others are eating.

JOHNSON.

⁴³ *The horned herd!*] It is not without pity and indignation that the reader of this great poet meets so often with this low jest, which is too much a favourite to be left out of either mirth or fury.

JOHNSON.

⁴⁴ I have many other ways to die:] What a reply is this to Antony's challenge? 'tis acknowledging that he should die under the unequal combat. But if we read,

He hath many other ways to die: mean time,

I laugh at his challenge—

in this reading we have poignancy, and the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. After this,

Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar, to fight him hand to hand; and received for answer, that he might find several other ways to end his life. UPTON.

⁴⁵ — *onion-cy'd;*] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions.

⁴⁶ *Our will is, Antony be took alive;*] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero; so the other was not to shine: yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him *like*. But the antient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful.

WARBURTON.

⁴⁷ *To this great fairy—*] Mr. Upton has well observed, that *fairy*, which Dr. Warburton and sir T. Hanmer explain by *inchantress*, comprises the idea of power and beauty.

⁴⁸ *Get goal for goal of youth.*] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a *goal*; to *win a goal*, is to be superior in a contest of activity.

JOHNSON.

⁴⁹ — *Throw my heart*

Against the flint, &c.] The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene de-

stroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting.

JOHNSON.

⁵⁰ ———emboss'd.] A hunting term: when a deer is hard run and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imboast*.

⁵¹ *The rack dislimns;*] i. e. The fleeting away of the clouds destroys the picture.

STEEVENS.

⁵² *Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory Unto an enemy's triumph.*] Shakspeare has here, as usual, taken his metaphor from a low trivial subject; but has ennobled it with much art, by so contriving that the principal term in the subject from whence the metaphor was *taken*, should belong to, and suit the dignity of the subject to which the metaphor is *transferred*: thereby providing at once for the integrity of the figure, and the nobleness of the thought. And this by the word *triumph*, which either signifies Octavius's conquest, or what we now call, contractedly, the *trump* at cards, then called the *triumph* or the *triumphing sort*.

WARBURTON:

This explanation is very just, the thought did not deserve so good an annotation.

JOHNSON.

⁵³ ———pleach'd arms.] Arms *folded* in each other:

⁵⁴ *Be brooch'd with me;*] i. e. *adorned*. The meaning is, *I will never live to grace his triumph*.

⁵⁵ *Here's sport, indeed!*] I suppose the meaning of these strange words is, *here's trifling, you do not work in earnest*.

JOHNSON.

⁵⁶ ———*The round world should have shook*

Lions into civil streets, &c.] I think here is a line

lost, after which it is in vain to go in quest. The sense seems to have been this: *The round world should have shook*, and this great alteration of the system of things should send *lions into streets, and citizens into dens*. There is sense still, but it is harsh and violent.

JOHNSON.

⁵⁷ —pray in aid for kindness,] *Praying in aid* is a law term, used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question. HANMER.

⁵⁸ *As plates*—] *Plates* mean, I believe, *silver money*. STEEVENS.

⁵⁹ —seel my lips,] *Sew up* my mouth.

⁶⁰ —the ashes of my chance:] Or *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition. This taught the Oxford editor to alter it to *mischance*.

WARBURTON.

⁶¹ *Make not your thoughts your prisons:*] I once wished to read,

Make not your thoughts your poison:—

Do not destroy yourself by musing on your misfortune. Yet I would change nothing, as the old reading presents a very proper sense. *Be not a prisoner in imagination, when in reality you are free.* JOHNSON.

⁶² —scald rhymers—] Sir T. Hanmer reads,

—stall'd rhymers.

Scald was a word of contempt, implying poverty, disease, and filth.

^{as} ———*boy my greatness—*] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys. HANMER.

Nash, in *Pierce Pennylesse* his *Supplication*, &c. 1595, says, “ Our players are not as the players be-
“ yond sea, a sort of squirting bawdy comedians, that
“ have whores and common courtesans to play wo-
“ men’s parts, &c.” STEEVENS.

^{as} ———*something blown:*] The flesh is somewhat puffed, or swollen.

CYMBELINE.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

REMARKS

ON

THE PLOT, THE FABLE, AND CONSTRUCTION

OF

CYMBELINE.

MR. POPE supposed the story of this play to have been taken from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled, *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist as from Shakspeare, though they concur in the more considerable parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

STEEVENS.

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the

conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation. JOHNSON.



Persons Represented.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } *disguised under the names of Polydore*
ARVIRAGUS, } *and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*
IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* }

A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman forces.*

A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.

PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

HELEN, *woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions,
a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentle-
man, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messen-
gers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.*

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Britain. The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* 'YOU do not meet a man, but frowns:
our bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.*

And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing

Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man !—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.*

You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.*

What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root : His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan ;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success ;
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus :
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons ; who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their swords in hand ; for which, their
fathe

(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,
That he quit being ; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe

To his protection; calls him Posthumus;
 Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
 Puts to him all the learnings that his time
 Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
 As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,
 A glass that feated them^u; and to the graver,
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
 For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
 By her election may be truly read,
 What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
 Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
 Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
 That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,

Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentle-
man,

The queen, and princess.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post.

Please your highness,

I will from hence to-day.

Queen.

You know the peril:—

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit Queen.*]

Imo.

O

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
 Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
 I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
 His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot
 Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
 But that there is this jewel in the world,
 That I may see again.

Post.

My queen! my mistress!

O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
 To be suspected of more tenderness
 Than doth become a man! I will remain
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
 Who to my father was a friend, to me
 Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
 And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
 Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter Queen.**Queen.*

Be brief, I pray you:

If the king come, I shall incur I know not
 How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him

[*Aside.*

To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
 But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;
 Pays dear for my offences.

[*Exit.**Post.*

Should we be taking leave

As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—

You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here

[Putting on the ring.]

While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet on her arm.]

Imo.

O, the gods!

When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE, and Lords.

Post.

Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my
sight!

If, after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone. [Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth ; thou heapest
A year's age on me !

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation ; I
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my
queen !

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not ! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock ⁴.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; would'st have made
my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus :
You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
A man, worth any woman ; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What!—art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I
were
A neatherd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done
[To the Queen,
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some
comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [Exit.

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What
news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,

And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A publick Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacri-

face: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his patience.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt; it went the backside the town.

[*Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies!

[*Aside.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

[*Aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

[*Aside.*

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [Aside.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [Aside.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost
As offer'd mercy is^s. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear

Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd
them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis.

Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very

many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter⁶.

French. And then his banishment:—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours⁷, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgement, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone^s my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excell'd many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady⁹.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accom-

plish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier, to convince¹⁰ the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too

suddenly ; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail ?

Iach. Yours ; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it ; my ring I hold dear as my finger ; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting : But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue ; you bear a grayer purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches ; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return :—Let there be covenants drawn between us : My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match ; here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one :—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest

bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady.

I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—— *[Exit Ladies,*

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: *[Presenting a small box,*

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly.

Queen.

I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distill? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgement in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—
[*To Pisanio.*

Cor. [*Aside.*] "I do not like her. She doth think,
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,
Will stupify and dull the sense a while:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and
dogs;

Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd

With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou
think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.*]

So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
 Think on my words. [*Exit Pisa.*—A sly and constant
 knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers¹² for her sweet; and which she, after,
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
 The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
 Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen, and Ladies.*

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCÈNE VII.

*Another Room in the Same.**Enter IMOGEN.*

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
 Is the desire that's glorious¹³: Blessed be those,
 How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
 Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
 Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
 The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
 And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
 You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
 She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
 Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!

Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.]—*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach¹⁴? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other: Nor i' the judgment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttry, to such neat excellence oppos'd,

Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed¹⁵.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech, you, sir,
desire [To *Pisanio*.

My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [Exit *Pisanio*.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech
you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton

(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs;
cries, O!

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens
know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I'the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your—— But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield¹⁶! with diseas'd ven-
tures,

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;

And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew¹⁷, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one

The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for
yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,

To have them in safe stowage; May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo.

Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach.

They are in a trunk,

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo.

O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo.

I thank you for your pains;

But not away to-morrow?

Iach.

O, I must, madam:

Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo.

I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast¹⁸, to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrow'd mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside:*

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*

Clo. I am not more vex'd at any thing in the earth, —A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord*. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on¹⁹. [*Aside*.

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 *Lord*. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord*. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside*.

1 *Lord*. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord*. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside*.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and first Lord*.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
Hore hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,

I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps. Iachimo, from the trunk.]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
 sense

Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper
 Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
 To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
 Such, and such, pictures;—There the window:—
 Such

The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the
 story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

[Taking off her bracelet.]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I'the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
 end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night⁹⁰!—that dawn-
 ing

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*]

One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in
 loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 Lord. Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this musick would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phæbus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies;*

*And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin:
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,

Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo.

Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym.

A worthy fellow,

Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen.

[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—

[Knocks.]

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make

One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

[Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompence is still:
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being
silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool²¹?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
²²The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,

(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls
 (On whom there is no more dependency
 But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
 The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
 The precious note of it with a base slave,
 A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
 A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo.

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,
 But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
 The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clo.

The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than
 come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
 In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo.

I am sprighted with a fool;

Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman

Search for a jewel, that too casually
 Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
 If I would lose it for a revenue
 Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
 I saw't this morning: confident I am,
 Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
 I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
 That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

Clo. You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Rome. An apartment in Philario's House.

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure
 To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
 Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,

Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
As Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves²³: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out²⁴.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach.

Then, if you can,

[Pulling out the bracelet.]

Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post.

Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach.

Sir, (I thank her,) that:

She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,
She priz'd it once.

Post.

May be, she pluck'd it off,

To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?*Post.* O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;*[Gives the ring.]*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

Phi.

Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her.

Post.

Very true;

And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am
sure,

She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to steal
it!

And by a stranger?—No; he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi.

Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of——

Post.

Never talk on't:

She hath been colted by him.

Iach.

If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post.

Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the
turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,——

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny

Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-
meal!

I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before

Her father:—I'll do something—— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite besides

The government of patience! You have won:

Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath

He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. "Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;

And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought
her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still

One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them :—Yet 'tis greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues, Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain, And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors; together with The natural bravery of your isle; which stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
(²⁶ Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,

Till the injurious Romans did extort
 This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,
 (Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'the world,) against all colour, here
 Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
 Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
 Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
 Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and franchise,
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
 Who was the first of Britain, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
 That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
 (Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than
 Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:
 Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
 In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behoves me keep at utterance²⁷; I am perfect,
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent

Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc.

Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
 Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
 If it be so to do good service, never
 Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
 That I should seem to lack humanity,
 So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: The letter*
[Reading.
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
 So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
 O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,
 That knew the stars, as I his characters;
 He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
 Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
 Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
 (Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
 For it doth physick love^{as};—of his content,
 All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Blest be,
 You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reads.

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get
hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding
 wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i'the clock's behalf²⁹:—But this is
 foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
 She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 A franklin's housewife³⁰.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look through³¹. Away, I pr'ythee;
 Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Wales. A mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
 Whose roofs as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows
you

To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told
you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find

³²The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o'the nest; nor know
not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the
search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,

Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, tall it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui.

Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; pay'd
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-
tains;

This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little, they are sons to the king;

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly

I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;*
And thus I set my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, ³³ I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

*Near Milford-Haven.**Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place

Was near at hand :—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio ! Man !
Where is Posthúmus ? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus ? Wherefore breaks that
sigh

From the inward of thee ? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication : Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter ?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender ? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before : if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand !

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man ; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis.

Please you, read ;

And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy³⁴,
Whose mother was her painting³⁵, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false

Æneas,

Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
heart;

Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that did'st set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st³⁶ on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Did'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,

But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing;
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven

To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view³⁷: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus; so nigh, at least,
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't³⁸,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[Exeunt Lucius, and Lords.]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit Cloten.*

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end

Can make good use of either : She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son ?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled :
Go in, and cheer the king ; he rages ; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better : May
This night forestall him of the coming day !

[Exit Queen.]

Clo. I love, and hate her : for she's fair and royal ;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman³⁹ ; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all : I love her therefore ; But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgement,
That what's else rare, is chok'd ; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here ? What ! are you packing, sirrah ?
Come hither : Ah, you precious pandar ! Villain,
Where is thy lady ! In a word ; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord !

Clo. Where is thy lady ? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,

I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*]

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish. }
She's far enough; and what he learns by this, } *Aside.*
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humh!

Pis. I'll write to my lord, she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if

thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and

in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.—To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told
me,

I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o'the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?

⁴⁰If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,

Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*]

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,
and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll brouze on
that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in:
[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good
troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gut.

Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo.

I see, you are angry:

Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel,

Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel,

What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel.

Pr'ythee, fair youth,

Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!

'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours:—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends,

Ima. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! 'then had my
prize } *Aside.*
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by
"That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenor of the emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.*

Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.*

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri.

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The Forest, near the Cave.**Enter CLOTEN.*

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face⁴³: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. *[Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well: [*to Imogen.*] remain here
in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv.

Brother, stay here:

[*To Imogen.*]

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
“Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field :—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arr. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shalt be ever.

[*Exit Imogen.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arr. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in
characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arr. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together⁴⁵.

Arr. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine⁴⁶!

Bel. It is great morning⁴⁷. Come; away.—Who's
there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.]

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,

Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loth to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear; the
wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death;
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustick mountaineer. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute, 'Twas very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them: I wish my brother make good time with him, You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up, I mean, to man, he had not apprehension Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgement Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with Cloten's head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse, There was no money in't: not Hercules Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne My head, as do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what⁴⁸: cut off one Cloten's head, Son to the queen, after his own report; Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore, With his own single hand he'd take us in⁴⁹,

Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel.

We are all undone.

Gwi. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel.

No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv.

Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gwi. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [Exit.

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore thou hadst not done't! though
valour
Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us
through,
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pry thee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. *[Solemn musick.]*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds: But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
dear'st mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing Imogen as dead, in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

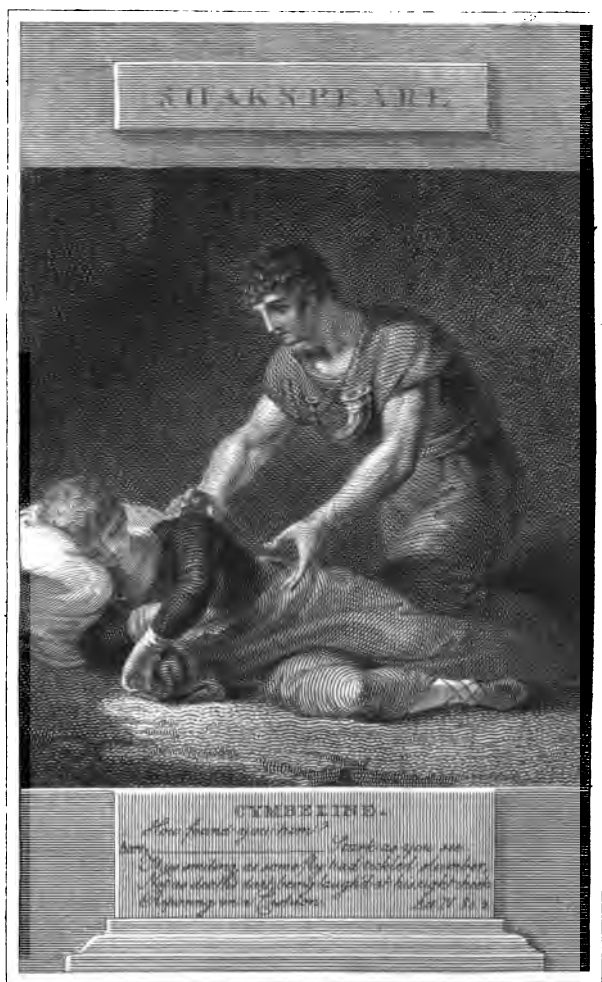
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare⁵⁰
Might easilest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?



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Arv. O'the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock⁵¹ would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,

As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv.

We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for
Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,
rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui.

Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv.

If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the
east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv.

'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv.

So,—Begin.

SONG.

*Gui. Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

*Arv. Fear no more the frown o'the great
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.*

*Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee⁵², and come to dust.*

*Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!*

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]

Imo. *[Awaking.]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven;
Which is the way?—

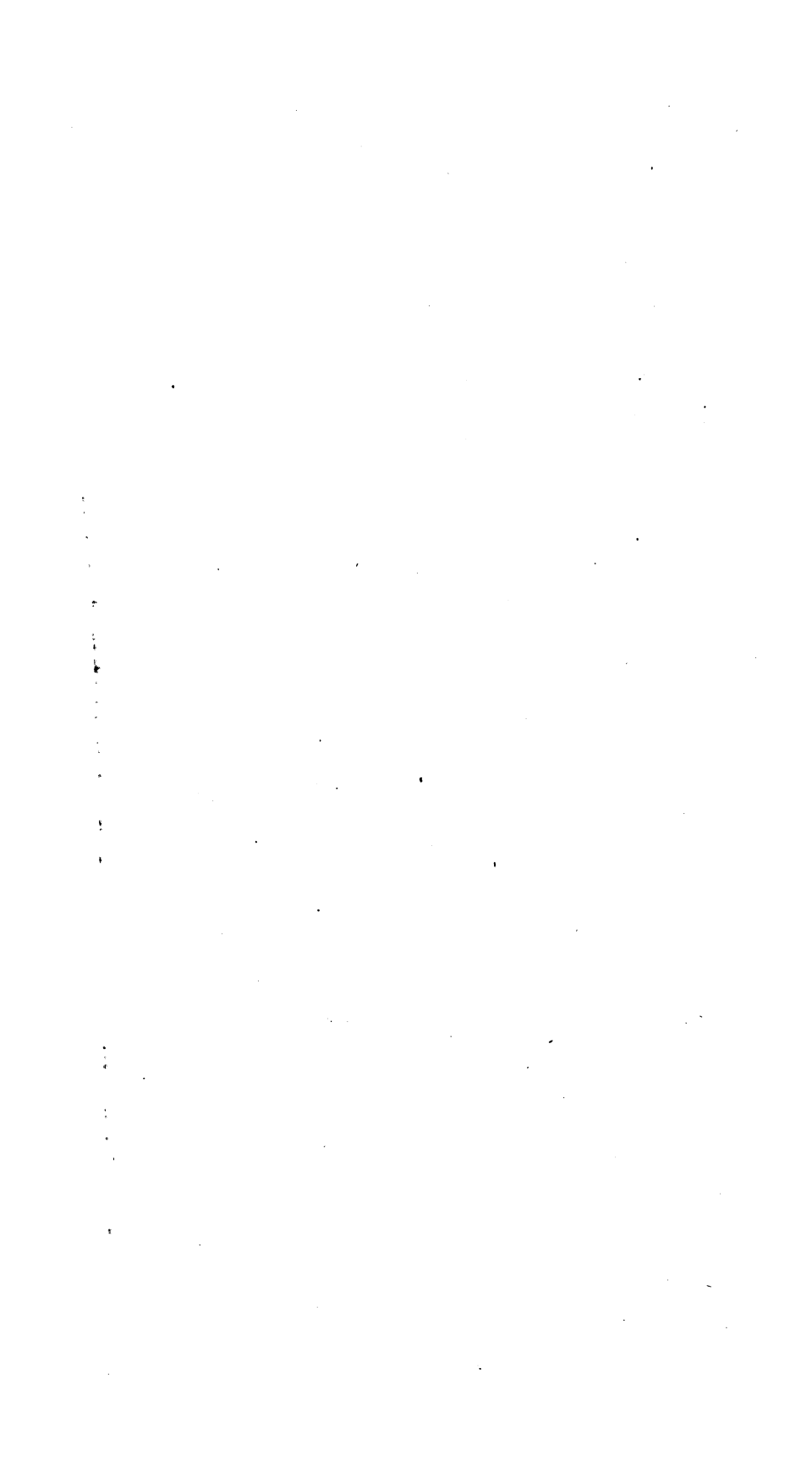
I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the body.]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care-on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be





Drawn by J. Thorne.

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Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
 The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!
 I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
 His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
 The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face⁵³—
 Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
 All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
 Conspir'd with that irregular devil, Cloten,
 Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
 Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
 From this most bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that! Ah me! where's
 that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrid may seem to those
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—

Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,

Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? ⁵⁴Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope

[*Aside.*

They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

Luc.

Thy name?

Imo.

Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
 Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
 Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
 No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
 Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But, first, an't please the
 gods,

I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
 As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his
 grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
 And, leaving so his service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc.

Ay, good youth;

And rather father thee, than master thee.—
 My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
 Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partisans
 A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
 As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
 Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.

A fever with the absence of her son;
 A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
 How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
 The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
 Upon a desperate bed; and in a time
 When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
 So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
 The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
 Who needs must know of her departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
 By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
 I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,
 I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
 Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your high-
 ness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
 The day that she was missing, he was here:
 I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy
[*To Pisanio.*

Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast ; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son, and queen !—
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of^{ss}: come more, for more
you're ready :
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you : Let's withdraw ;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us ; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him, Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings : Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten ; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Even to the note o'the king, or I'll fall in them.
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.
 [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
 From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
 Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
 Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts
 During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
 We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
 To the king's party there's no going: newness
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
 Among the bands) may drive us to a render
 Where we have liv'd^{so}; and so extort from us that
 Which we've done, whose answer would be death
 Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
 In such a time, nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses eigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army : many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore
him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life ; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army :
I and my brother are not known ; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither : What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die ? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have

The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I; Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks
scorn, [*Aside.*
'Till it fly out, and shew them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. ⁵⁷Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd

Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you would take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!

Every good servant does not all commands:

No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse⁵⁸;

⁵⁹And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.

But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself

As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o'the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o'the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on't
Reveningly enfeebles me; Or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought: The king himself
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
 Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
 With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with
 turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
 An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
 So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
 In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
 He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
 The country base⁶⁰, than to commit such slaughter;
 With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
 Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
 Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.—These
 three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many,

(For three performers are the file, when all
 The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand*,
 Accommodated by the place, more charming
 With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd
 A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
 Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
 coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,
 Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like lions
 Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
 A stop i'the chaser, a retire; anon,
 A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made: And now our cowards,
 (Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
 The life o'the need; having found the back-door
 open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
 Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends
 O'er-borne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs⁶¹ o'the field.

Lord.

This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Roman's bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post.

'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,

I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.

You have put me into rhyme.

Lord.

Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!

To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me!

To-day, how many would have given their honours

To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,

And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd⁶²,

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;

Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we

That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find
him:

For, being now a favourer to the Roman,

No more a Briton, I have resum'd again

The part I came in: Fight I will no more,

But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall

Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is

Here made by the Roman; great the answer⁶³ be

Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;

On either side I come to spend my breath;

Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand! Who is
there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; A dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his
service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The
Captains present Posthumus to Cymbeline, who de-
livers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.

*A Prison.**Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers..*

1 *Gaol.* "You shall not now be stolen, you have
locks upon you;
So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach. [*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fet-
ter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods,
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again

On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
 Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake;
 You rather mine, being yours: And so, great
 powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

⁶⁸ *Solemn musick. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates, and revenges.
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
 Whose face I never saw?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending Nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphan's father art,)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O'the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,

That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain ;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd :

Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd

The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd ?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope ; look out ;
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries :

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !
Or we poor ghosts will cry

To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

*Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon
an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The ghosts
fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you ghosts,
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
 Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
 Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
 No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
 Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
 The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
 Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift;
 His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
 Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
 Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!
 He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
 And happier much by his affliction made.
 This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
 Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
 And so, away: no further with your din
 Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
 Mount, eagle, to my palace chrystalline. [*Ascends.*]
Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
 Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
 Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
 More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
 Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys⁶⁶ his beak,
 As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
 His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
 Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
 and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created
 A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
 Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
 And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.
 What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
 Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
 As good as promise.

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
 Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
 The action of my life is like it, which
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the comfort is, you shall be call'd to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink: sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much^{er}; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think, you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news; I am call'd to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hang'd then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and begot young gibbets, I never saw one so prone⁶⁴. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Cymbeline's Tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and
Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you, whom the gods have
made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and
living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o'the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to
love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she
had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown.
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,

That thought her like her seeming; it had been
vicious,

To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the Soothsayer, and other*
Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and
IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have
threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat^{er}, so nurse-like: let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace, and art
Mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore, to say,
Live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What would'st thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,

Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,

Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One sand another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. It is my mistress:
[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,

To good, or bad. [*Cym. and Imo. come forward.*]

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To Iach.*] step you
forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time (unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
 The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast (O 'would
 Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
 Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus
 (What should I say? he was too good, to be
 Where ill men were; and was the best of all
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
 For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming
 The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
 Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities that man
 Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

Cym.

I stand on fire:

Come to the matter.

Iach.

All too soon I shall,

Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
 (Most like a noble lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue,) he began
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
 made,

And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym.

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold : Whereat, I, wretch !
Made scruple of his praise ; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery : he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring ;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel⁷¹ ; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design : Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely ; for my vantage, excellent ;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with similar proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus ; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it !) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou do'st, [*Coming forward.*

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
 For torturers ingenious: it is I
 That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain
 Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
 Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
 Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
 page,

There lie thy part. *[Striking her: she falls.]*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help

Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen 'till now:—Help, help!—

Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady, the gods throw stones of sulphur on
me, if

That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

- Bel.* My boys,
There was our error.
- Gui.* This is sure, Fidele.
- Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?
- Think, that you are upon a rock⁷³; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*]
- Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
- Cym.* How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
- Imo.* Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*]
- Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
not;
- You had a motive for't. [*To Guid. and Arvi.*]
- Cym.* My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
- Imo.* I am sorry for't, my lord.
- Cym.* O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
- Pis.* My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,

It was my instant death : By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story :
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend !
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;
[To the guard.

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arr. Your danger is ours.

Gui. And our good is his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose

Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :—
 The benediction of these covering heavens
 Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy
 To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. ⁷³Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
 The service, that you three have done, is more
 Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
 This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
 Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :
 This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
 Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
 Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
 I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
 Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;
 It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
 Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :
 It was wise nature's end in the donation,
 To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
 A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother
 Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Bless'd may you be,
 That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
 You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,
 Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
 I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
 Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,
 But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
 When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
 When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
 Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
 When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridge-
 ment
 Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
 Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd
 you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
 How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
 Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
 And your three motives to the battle, with
 I know not how much more, should be demanded;
 And all the other by-dependencies,
 From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
 Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
 Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
 And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
 Each object with a joy; the counterchange

Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; so we'll hold thee ever.

[*To Belarius.*

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;

The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Soothsayer [*reads.*]

When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, *Leônatus*, art the lion's whelp;
 The fit and apt construction of thy name,
 Being *Leo-natus*, doth import so much:
 The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[To Cymbeline.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
 We term it *mulier*: which *mulier*, I divine,
 Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
 Answering the letter of the oracle,
 Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
 With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
 Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
 Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
 For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
 To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
 Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
 My peace we will beginth:—And, Caius Lucius,
 Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
 And to the Roman empire; promising
 To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
 We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
 Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and
hers,)
 Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
 The harmony of this peace. The vision
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke

CYMBELINE.

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Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun
So vanish'd: which fore-show'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Land we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

S. O. N. G.

*Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed
to be dead.*

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.*

*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

*The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell,*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead,*

ANNOTATIONS

UPON

CYMBELINE.

*'YOU do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;*

Still seem, as does the king's.] The thought is this: we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the king's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the sky] *than our courtiers obey the heavens* [God]. By which it appears that the reading—our *bloods*, is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is discovered not by change of *colour*, but by change of *countenance*. And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *seem*. We should read therefore:

————— *our brows*

No more obey the heavens, &c.

which is evident from the precedent words:

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following:

“ ————— But not a courtier,

“ Altho' they wear their *faces* to the *bent*

" Of the king's *look*, but hath a heart that is

" Glad at the thing they *scowl* at."

The Oxford editor improves upon this emendation, and reads:

————— *our looks*

No more obey the heart, ev'n than our courtiers.

But by venturing too far, at a second emendation, he has stript it of all thought and sentiment.

WARBURTON.

This passage is so difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animosity or shame. Of the two emendations proposed, Sir Thomas Hanmer's is the more licentious; but he makes the sense clear, and leaves the reader an easy passage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but less improvement: his reasoning upon his own reading is so obscure and perplexed, that I suspect some injury of the press.—I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines stand as they were originally written, and that a paraphrase, such as the licentious and abrupt expressions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unnecessary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular speech, are said to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey the laws of heaven,*—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers*:—that is, *than the bloods of our courtiers*: but our bloods, like theirs,—*still seem, as doth the king's.*

JOHNSON.

? *A glass that feated them;*] Such is the reading

in all the modern editions, I know not by whom first substituted, for

A glass that *feared* them;——

I have displaced *featur'd*, though it can plead long prescription, because I am inclined to think that *feared* has the better title. *Mirroure* was a favourite word in that age for an *example*, or a *pattern*, by noting which the manners were to be formed, as dress is regulated by looking in a glass. When Don Bellianis is styled *The Mirroure of Knighthood*, the idea given is not that of a glass in which every knight may behold his own resemblance, but an example to be viewed by knights as often as a glass is looked upon by girls, to be viewed, that they may know, not what they are, but what they ought to be. Such a glass may *fear the more mature*, as displaying excellencies which they have arrived at maturity without attaining. To *fear*, is here, as in other places, to *fright*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnson is mistaken as to the reading of the folio, which is *feated*. The page of the copy which he consulted is very faintly printed; but I have seen another since, which plainly gives this reading.

STEEVENS.

If *feated* be the right word, it must, I think, be explained thus; a glass that formed them; a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners. JOHNSON.

^s ———— thou heapest

A year's age on me ?] Dr. Warburton reads,

A yare age on me.

It seems to me, even from Skinner, whom he cites, that *yare* is used only as a personal quality. Nor is the authority of Skinner sufficient, without some example, to justify the alteration. Hammer's reading is better, but rather too far from the original copy :

—————thou heapest *many*

A year's age on me.

I read,

—————thou heap'st

Years, ages, on me. JOHNSON.

I would receive Dr. Johnson's emendation: he is however mistaken when he says that *yare* is used only as a personal quality. See *Antony and Cleopatra*;

Their ships are *yare*, yours heavy.

Yare, however, will by no means apply to Dr. Warburton's sense.

STEEVENS.

⁴ ———a puttock.] A kite.

⁵ As *offer'd mercy* is.] i. e. "Should one of his letters miscarry, the loss would be as great as that of offer'd mercy." But the *Oxford Editor* amends it thus,

————'twere a paper lost,

With offer'd mercy in it.

WARBURTON.

I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to me, as the loss of a pardon to a condemn'd criminal.

STEEVENS.

⁶ ———words him,——a great deal from the matter.]

Makes the description of him very distant from the truth.

⁷ ———under her colours,] Under her banner; by her influence.

⁸ ———*I did atone—*] To *atone* is here to reconcile.

⁹ *If she went before others—*] I should explain the sentence thus: "Though your lady excelled as much as your diamond, I could not believe she excelled many; that is, I too could yet believe that there are many whom she did not excel."

JOHNSON.

¹⁰ ———*convince the honor—*] *Convince* is to overcome.

¹¹ *I do not like her.*] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows.

JOHNSON.

¹² ———*leigers—*] A *leiger* ambassador, is one that resides at a foreign court to promote his master's interest.

JOHNSON.

¹³ ———*but most miserable*

Is the desire that's glorious:] Her husband, she says, proves her supreme grief. She had been happy had she been stolen as her brothers were, but now she is miserable, as all those are who have a sense of worth and honour superior to the vulgar, which occasions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthless part of mankind. Had she not so refined a taste as to be content only with the superior merit of Posthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, she might have escaped these persecutions. This elegance of taste, which always discovers an excellence and chuses it, she calls with great sublimity of expression, *The desire*

that's glorious; which the Oxford Editor not understanding, alters to, *The degree that's glorious*.

WARBURTON.

¹⁴ ————— twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach?] I know not well how to regulate this passage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous*. *Twinn'd stones* I do not understand. *Twinn'd shells*, or *pairs of shells*, are very common. For *twinn'd* we might read *twin'd*; that is, *twisted*, *convolved*: but this sense is more applicable to shells than to stones. JOHNSON.

The author of *The Revision* conjectures the poet might have written *apurn'd stones*. He might possibly have written that or any other word.—In *Coriolanus* a different epithet is bestowed on the beach:

“ *Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach*

“ *Fillop the stars.*”

¹⁵ *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*

Not so allur'd to feed.] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on such excellence, can have no stomach at all; but, though empty, must nauseate every thing.

WARBURTON.

I explain this passage in a sense almost contrary. Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has shewn how the *eyes* and the *judgement* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the present mistress of Posthumus, and proceeds to say, that appetite too would give the same suffrage. *Desire*, says he, when it approached *sluttery*, and considered it in comparison with *such neat excellence*, would not only be not so allured to feed, but, seized with a fit of loathing, would

vomit emptiness, would feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had nothing to eject. JOHNS.

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson have both taken the pains to give their different senses of this passage; but I am still unable to comprehend how desire, or any other thing, can be made to *vomit emptiness*. I rather believe the passage should be read thus:

Shuttery to such neat excellence oppos'd,

Should make desire vomit, emptiness

Not so allure to feed.

That is, Should not so, [in such circumstances] allure [even] *emptiness to feed*.

*Observations and Conjectures, &c. printed
at Oxford, 1766.*

¹⁶ ——— *hir'd with that self-exhibition*] *Gross strumpets*, hired with the *very pension* which you allow your husband.

JOHNSON.

¹⁷ *As in a Romish stew,*] The stews of Rome are deservedly censured by the reformed churches. This is one of many instances in which Shakspeare has mingled in the manners of distant ages in this play.

JOHNSON.

¹⁸ ——— *kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,*] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. *To kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage.

¹⁹ ——— *with your comb on.*] Alluding to the fool's cap, which had a *comb* like a cock's.

²⁰ ——— *you dragons of the night!*] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons,

on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in one of his smaller pieces.

STEEVENS.

²¹ Imo. *Fools are not mad folks.*

Clot. *Do you call me fool?*

Imo. *As I am mad, I do:]* But does she really call him fool? The acutest critic would be puzzled to find it out, as the text stands. The reasoning is perplexed by a slight corruption; and we must restore it thus:

Fools cure not mad folks.

You are mad, says he, and it would be a crime in me to leave you to yourself. Nay, says she, why should you stay? A fool never cured madness. Do you call me fool? replies he, &c. All this is easy and natural. And that *cure* was certainly the poet's word, I think, is very evident from what Imogen immediately sub-joins:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;

That cures us both.—

i. e. If you'll cease to torture me with your foolish solicitations, I'll cease to shew towards you any thing like madness; so a double cure will be effected of your folly, and my supposed frenzy.

WARBURTON.

Fools are not mad folks.] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.*

STEEVENS.

²² *The contract &c.]* Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of

character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one,

“ *Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,*

“ *And leave eighteen.—*”

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations : as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched.

JOHNSON.

²³ *So likely to report themselves :*] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*.

JOHNSON.

²⁴ ——— *as another nature, dumb ;*] The meaning is this: The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*.

²⁵ *Is there no way for men to be, &c.*] Milton was very probably indebted to this speech for the sentiments which he has given to Adam, in *Paradise Lost*, book x.

STEEVENS.

²⁶ (*Poor ignorant baubles !*)] *Ignorant, for of no use.*

WARBURTON.

Rather, *unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas.

²⁷ ——— *keep at utterance ;*] In a state of hostile defiance and deadly opposition.

²⁸ *For it doth physick love ;*] That is, grief for absence, keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

²⁹ *That run i' the clock's behalf :*] This fantastical expression means no more than sand in an hour-glass, used to measure time.

WARBURTON.

³⁰ *A franklin's housewife.*] A franklin is literally a freeholder, with a small estate, neither villain nor vassal.

³¹ *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,*

Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,

That I cannot look through.] Where is the substantive to which this relative plural, *them*, can possibly have any reference? There is none; and the sense, as well as grammar, is defective. I have ventured to restore, against the authority of the printed copies,

— *but have a fog in ken,*

That I cannot look through.

Imogen would say, "Don't talk of considering, man; I neither see present events, nor consequences; but am in a mist of fortune, and resolved to proceed on the project determined." *In ken*, means in prospect, within sight, before my eyes.

THEOBALD.

I see before me, man; nor here nor there,

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,

That I cannot look through.] Shakspeare says she can see before her, yet on which side soever she looks there is a fog which she cannot see through. This nonsense is occasioned by the corrupt reading of *BUT have a fog*, for *THAT have a fog*; and then all is plain. "I see before me (says she) for there is no fog on any side of me which I cannot see through." Mr. Theobald objects to *a fog in them*, and asks for the substantive to which the relative plural (*THEM*) relates. The substantive is *places*, implied in the words *here, there*, and *what ensues*: for not to know that Shakspeare per-

petually takes these liberties of grammar, is knowing nothing of his author. So that there is no need for his strange stuff of *a fog in ken*. **WARBURTON.**

This passage may, in my opinion, be very easily understood, without any emendation. The lady says, "I can see neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections insuperable to all that I can propose, and since reason can give me no counsel, I will resolve at once to follow my inclination. **JOHNSON.**

³² *The sharded beetle—*] i. e. The beetle hatched among *shards*, or *broken tiles*. **STEEVENS.**

³³ *—I stole these babes ;*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs. The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it. **JOHNSON.**

³⁴ *—Some jay of Italy,*] There is a prettiness in this expression ; *putta*, in Italian, signifying both a *jay* and a *whore*: I suppose from the gay feathers of that bird. **WARBURTON.**

³⁵ *Whose mother was her painting,*] *Some jay of Italy*, made by art the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother*. **JOHNSON.**

I met with a similar expression in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the name of the piece:

“ —a parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whose fathers were their garments.*” STEEVENS.

³⁶ *That now thou tir'st on,*] A hawk is said to *tire* upon that which he pecks; from *tirer*, French.

³⁷ —*full of view* :] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes.

³⁸ *Though peril to my modesty,*] I read,
Through peril.

I would for such means adventure through peril of modesty; I would risque every thing but real dishonour.

JOHNSON.

³⁹ —*she hath all courtly parts more exquisite*

Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one

The best she hath,] The speaker here rises in his ideas. *She has all courtly parts*, says he, *more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.*

JOHNSON.

⁴⁰ *If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,*

Take, or lend.] I question whether, after the words, *if savage*, a line be not lost. I can offer nothing better than to read,

—*Ho! who's here?*

If any thing that's civil, take or lend,

If savage, speak.

If you are *civilised* and *peaceable*, take a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompence; if you are

rough inhospitable inhabitants of the mountain *speak*, that I may know my state.

JOHNSON.

⁴¹ ————*then had my prize*

Been less; and so more equal ballasting—] Hanmer reads plausibly, but without necessity, *price*, for *prize*, and *balancing*, for *ballasting*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is, Had I been a less prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus.

JOHNSON.

⁴² *That nothing gift of differing multitudes,*] The poet must mean, that court, that obsequious adoration, which the shifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am persuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote,

That nothing gift of deferring multitudes,
i. e. obsequious, paying deference.—Deferer, *Ceder par respect à quelqu'un, obeir, condescendre, &c.*—Deferent, *civil, respectueux, &c.* Richelet. THEOBALD.

He is followed by sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not see why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expression equivalent to the *many-headed rabble*.

JOHNSON.

⁴³ ————*before thy face:*] Posthumus was to have his head struck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face; we should read, *her* face; i. e. Imogen's, done to despite her, who had said, she esteemed Posthumus's garment above the person of Cloten,

WARBURTON.

⁴⁴ *Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom*

Is breach of all.] Keep your daily course uninterrupted; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. JOHNSON.

⁴⁵ *Mingle their spurs together.] Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. POPE.

⁴⁶ *And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!]*

Shakspeare had only seen *English vines* which grow against walls, and therefore may be sometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we should read—*untwine—from the vine.* JOHNSON.

⁴⁷ *It is great morning.]* A Gallicism. *Grand jour.*

⁴⁸ *I am perfect, what:] I very well know what I have done.*

⁴⁹ *—take us in,]* To *take in*, was the phrase in use for to *apprehend* an out-law, or to make him amenable to public justice. JOHNSON.

⁵⁰ *—sluggish crare]* A *crare*, says the author of *The Revisal*, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*.

⁵¹ *—the ruddock would,*

With charitable bill,—bring thee all this;

Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,

To winter-ground thy corse.] Here again, the metaphor is strangely mangled. What sense is there in *winter-grounding* a corse with *moss*? A corse might indeed be said to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moss* directs us plainly to another reading,

To winter-gown thy corse:—

i. e. the summer habit shall be a light gown of flowers, thy winter habit a good warm furr'd gown of moss.

WARBURTON.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakspeare's, since the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to express. To winter-ground a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be.

The ruddock is the red-breast, and is so called by Chaucer and Spenser :

"The tame ruddock, and the coward kite."

STERVENS.

⁵² *Consign to thee,*] Perhaps,

Consign to this,—

And in the former stanza, for—*All follow this*, we might read, *All follow thee*.

JOHNSON.

⁵³ —his Jovial face—] *Jovial* face signifies in this place, such a face as belongs to Jove.

⁵⁴ ————*who was he,*

That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture?] The editor, Mr. Theobald, cavils at this passage. He says, it is far from being *strictly grammatical*; and yet, what is strange, he subjoins a paraphrase of his own, which shews it to be *strictly grammatical*. "For," says he, "the construction of these words is this: Who hath alter'd that good picture otherwise than nature

alter'd it?" I suppose then this editor's meaning was, that the grammatical construction would not conform to the sense; for a bad writer, like a bad man, generally says one thing and means another. He subjoining, "Shakspeare designed to say (if the text be genuine), Who hath alter'd that good picture from what noble nature at first made it." Here again he is mistaken; Shakspeare meant, like a plain man, just as he *spoke*; and as our editor first paraphrased him, Who hath *alter'd* that good picture otherwise than nature *alter'd* it? And the solution of the difficulty in this sentiment, which so much perplexed him, is this: the speaker sees a young man without a head, and consequently much *shorten'd* in stature; on which he breaks out into this exclamation: Who hath *alter'd* this good form, by making it shorter; so contrary to the practice of nature, which by yearly accession of growth *alters* it by making it taller. No occasion then for the editor to change *did* into *bid*, with an allusion to the command against murder; which then should have been *forbid* instead of *bid*. WARB.

Here are many words upon a very slight debate. The sense is not much cleared by either critic. The question is asked, not about a *body*, but a *picture*, which is not very apt to grow shorter or longer. To *do* a picture, and a picture is well *done*, are standing phrases; the question therefore is, Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature *did* it. JOHNSON.

^{ss} *Your preparation &c.]* Your forces are able to

face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us.

JOHNSON.

⁵⁶ ————— a render

Where we have liv'd;] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man.

JOHNSON.

⁵⁷ *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech, throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence; then tries to disburden himself, by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.

JOHNSON.

⁵⁸ ————— *each elder worse;*] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

————— *each worse than other;*

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they know, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads,

——each elder worse ;

The last deed is certainly not the oldest, but Shakspeare calls the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*.

JOHNSON.

“ *And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.*] The divinity schools have not furnished juster observations on the conduct of Providence, than Posthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, says he, act in a different manner with your different creatures ;

“ You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,

“ To have them fall no more : —— ”

Others, says our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increase in crimes ;

“ *And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.* ”

Here is a relative without an antecedent substantive ; which is a breach of grammar. We must certainly read :

And make them dreaded, to the doers' thrift.

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more ; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, respect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity. THEOB.

This emendation is followed by Hanmer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence,

And make them dread, to the doers' thrift.

There seems to be no very satisfactory sense yet offered. I read, but with hesitation,

And make them deeded to the doers' thrift.

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakspeare has, in another sense *undeeded*, in *Macbeth*:

"———my sword

" I sheath again *undeeded*."

I will try again, and read thus:

———*others you permit*

To second ills with ills, each other worse,

And make them trade it to the doers' thrift.

Trade and *thrift* correspond. Our author plays with *trade*, as it signifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Isabella says :

" Thy sins, not accidental, but a *trade*."

JOHNSON.

⁶⁰ *The country base,*] i. e. A rustic game called *prison-bars*, vulgarly *prison-base*.

⁶¹ ——bugs—] *Bugbears, terrors.*

⁶² ——*I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition; which made Erasmus, where, in his *Moriae Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, "*Germani corporum proceritate et magiæ cognitione sibi placent.*" And Prior, in his *Alma*.

" North Britons hence have *second sight*;

" And Germans free from *gun-shot sight*."

WARBURTON.

⁶³ ——*great the answer be—*] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*.

⁶⁴ *You shall not now be stolen,*] This wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

⁶⁵ *Solemn music. &c.*] Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophesy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakspeare. POPE.

We have a sufficient instance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet, by Nash, called *Lenten Stuffe, with the Prayse of the red Herring*, 4to, 1599, where he assures us, that in a play of his called *The Isle of Dogs, four acts*, without his consent, or the least guess of his drift or scope, were supplied by the players. FARMER.

⁶⁶ ——*cloyes his beak,*] *Claus* his beak.

⁶⁷ ——*sorry that you have paid &c.*] i. e. sorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you *are subdued* too much by the liquor. So Falstaff,

“ ——*seven of the eleven I pay'd.*” STEEVENS.

⁶⁸ ——*I never saw one so prone.*] i. e. *forward*.

⁶⁹ *So feat.*] *So ready; so dextrous in waiting.*

JOHNSON.

⁷⁰ *Quail to rememember,*] *To quail* is to sink into dejection. The word is common to many authors; among the rest, to Stanyhurst, in his translation of the second book of the *Æneid*:

“ With nightly silence was I *quail'd*, and greatly
with horror.”

STEEVENS.

⁷¹ ————— a carbuncle

Of Phæbus' wheel;] So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ He has deserv'd it, were it *carbuncled*

“ Like *Phæbus' car*.”

⁷² *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this speech, or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she would say, Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it. JOHNSON.

⁷³ *Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*] “ Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate.” The king reasons very justly. JOHNSON.

⁷⁴ *My peace we will begin:*] I think it better to read,
By *peace we will begin*. JOHNSON.

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